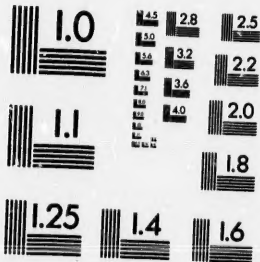


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OFFICERS

EDWARDS



God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking:
Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.



GATHERING OF THE CLANS

And wild and high the western war-whoop rose,
A welcome to all friends, a terror to all foes.

What's the matter with the W.C.P.A.? IT'S ALL RIGHT!
What's all right? The W.C.P.A. is all right!

THE west wind blew through Saskatchewan and caught upon its wings the veteran Maveety and the silent Stewart. It hastened through Alberta and gathered to itself the Youngs, the Woods and the Tomlinsons; it wooed and won the belle of Macleod, and the Orpheus of Wetaskiwin; it seized the sweet singer of Innisfail, the laughter-loving sage of Lacombe, and the sweet-voiced muse of the Albertan. Then

it swept Assiniboia and took of its best and brightest—the Scotts, the Forsters and the Zings, to say nothing of the jovial teetotaler of Moose Jaw and the bridegroom-elect of Qu'Appelle. With gathering force it sought the towns of Manitoba and demanded beauty, wit and wisdom. Then the President awaked from his slumbers and began the Ulysses song:

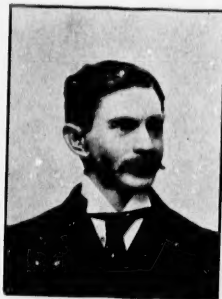


Association Button

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with
those

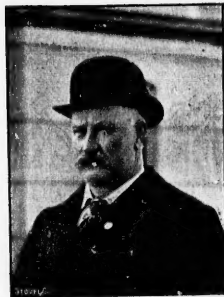
That love me, and alone.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
fades

Forever and forever when I move,
How dull it is to pause, to make an end
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use.



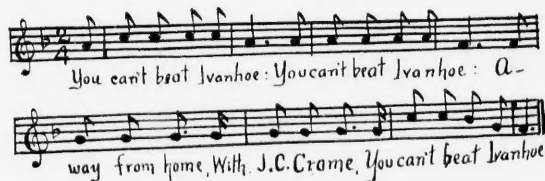
President G. D. Wilson

Then, too, the Nestor of Rapid City, whose name is Clay, but whose heart is gold, set his house in order, and was constrained to make it his duty and his delight to labor for those he loved. Deloraine and Melita gave caution and sobriety; Portage la Prairie and Emerson added steadiness and self-control; Carberry and Morden gave us quiet dignity, artistic power and a kodak; while from every town came beauty and gallantry, rosebuds and thorns. Finally the storm attacked the capital city itself. Then did Father Crome, with the battle-song of Ivanhoe on his lips, and the youth of the rejuvenated Phoenix in his heart, cry to his trusted companions, "Where I lead, you shall follow." Then came the Stovels, the McIntyres, the Saults and the Hoopers; and the rest—noble men and beauteous women—are their names not given in the chronicles of the voyage and in the official bulletin?



J. C. Crome

To transport eighty hungry souls to the place of rendezvous at St. Paul was no easy matter, and were it not for the kindness and courtesy of the Great Northern line, which so thoroughly cared for most of the party, the excursion of 1900 could never have taken place. The excellent service on this line has to be enjoyed in order to be appreciated. To the Hudson's Bay Company, especially, must thanks be given for those refreshments which contributed to render a long ride one of pleasure.



THE TWIN CITIES ❁

Two nations with a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

IF FIRST impressions last longest, then it is fortunate that the first American cities visited by our tourists were Minneapolis and St. Paul. It is just possible, indeed, that many of our party may have exaggerated ideas with regard to American hospitality, sociability and enterprise, for it is impossible that a whole nation should be patterned after those ladies and gentlemen who greeted us as we marched into the Ryan House on the morning of May 30. The feeling of being strangers in a strange land vanished in the presence of the fatherly Mr. Ramaley and his happy partner, and every want was satisfied and every wish gratified by a committee that numbered among its members such men as Hall, Stine, May, Collins, Adams, Forbes and Meyst.



H. P. Hall

What can be said of the great cities to which we were welcomed? ST. PAUL, the railroad, commercial and political centre of the Great North-West, has a population of 200,000. The annual output of its manufacturing establishments is \$90,000,000; its charitable and public institutions are commended for their excellence and their management; its parks—1100 acres—are beautiful beyond description; its private homes and roadways are a matter for favorable comment by every visitor—in short, it is a beautiful, a wealthy and a well conducted city. MINNEAPOLIS, with a population of 220,000, is the largest city between Chicago and the Coast. With its 25 miles of boulevards, and 1600 acres of parks, all beautifully kept, it indeed deserves the claim of being a beautiful city. Last year the output of its saw-mills was 594,000,000 feet of lumber. The flour mills ground 65,000,000 bushels of wheat. It has one of the most magnificent public libraries on the continent, and its schools and churches are noted for their excellence.

To see all that was worthy of observation in these two cities, in the course of a single day, was simply impossible,

but the committee of management certainly made the best of the time, and gave us a programme that can never be forgotten. At 9.30 we boarded the cars for Indian Mound Park. Here we had a glorious view of the Father of Waters, now properly entered upon his long run to the Gulf. Returning we proceeded to the beautiful Lake Como, "a crystal mirror

set in emerald." What could be more refreshing than the quiet beauty of this retreat? The green and sloping lawns; the blooming clusters of lilac, snowball and caragana; the fresh breeze from the rippling waters; the living fragrance from the beds of pansies and from the dense foliage of the undergrowth; the shadow of the mighty elms and maples; all combined to create a feeling of rest and peace and satisfaction. No wonder that the Tennysonian

from the sand-hills was heard to murmur to himself—

"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye brother mariners, we will not wander more,



Indian Mound, St. Paul

From Como on we passed through Minneapolis to the Falls of Minnehaha, now no longer "calling to us from the distance," for there is not to-day the rush of waters, but the dripping of a little streamlet over a rocky ledge. The boys and girls delight to wade the little pools in the glen below the fall; the lovers stroll as of yore along the footpaths, and whisper in another language the same message as Hiawatha must have breathed when he poured forth his soul to the daughter of the Dakotahs—the sweet and patient Laughing Water.

On our arrival at the Park, we proceeded at once to the heavily-laden tables, which the kindness of the Press Association and the Board of Trade of Minneapolis had prepared. There the genial Mr. Forbes, Secretary of the Minneapolis Board of Trade, the eloquent Mr. Collins of the Agricultural Journal, and the indescribable H. P. Hall welcomed us, and when our President had said what we all wanted him to say, viz., "that it was so much kinder and better than anything we had anticipated," we sang the national songs, and dispersed to stroll the woods until the cars returned to bear us

back to the city. A visit to that sky-scraper, the Guaranty Loan Building, was followed by a run to the charming Lake Harriet, one of the most popular resorts in the Northwest, and then a long, quick run brought us back to the Ryan House in time to dress for the banquet at the Commercial Club, so kindly arranged in our honor.

When at 9 o'clock, after a most sumptuous repast, Mr. H. P. Hall called the meeting to order, everyone was ready for the flow of soul that followed. The National Anthems—similar in music and similar in sentiment—were sung by the representatives of the two nations with a vigor and enthusiasm which indicated how sincere was the feeling of brotherhood. When, later in the evening, a message from the Associated Press to the effect that "Little Bobs had entered Pretoria," was read, it was impossible to tell which were Canadians and which Americans. The message of

congratulation to Her Majesty, which was sent on receipt of the news, was one of the most pleasing duties of the Executive during the whole tour, and they will cherish the words of the reply received a few days later: "His Excellency the Governor-



Como Park

General is commanded by Her Majesty to convey cordial thanks to you for your congratulations." The speeches of the evening were full of good humor and good feeling. Mr. Hall, the irrepressible, kept things at a white heat, and he was ably seconded by Collins, Hamlin, Col. Reade, Mitchell, Col. Hunter and Berryhill. Our President was equal to the occasion, and his lieutenants covered themselves with glory. The old war-horse, W. F. Luxton, dropped in during the course of the evening, and he must know by the reception tendered him how warmly he is remembered by the Canadians of the Northwest, and they will know how thoroughly he is appreciated in his new home.

The festivities did not cease until about 11 o'clock, when "Hands all round" were given, and with a fond good-bye the excursionists sang out their song of satisfaction—

You can't beat old St. Paul,
 You can't beat H. P. Hall,
 When it comes to a reception,
 You can say without exception
 That you can't beat old St. Paul.

Yet it is too bad that there is always a drop of sorrow in the cup of joy. And our sorrow on this occasion was caused by no less a misfortune than that two of our most handsome members were left behind. Can we not even yet hear those broken sobs from the ladies of car No. 2?

MILWAUKEE ❁

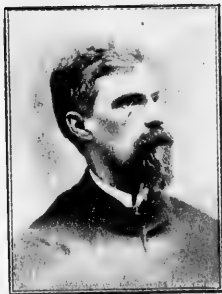
Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall
 be no more cakes and ale?

THERE are six good roads leading from St. Paul to Chicago. The North-Western line will remain in the minds of the Press excursionists as the best of these. Through the kindness of Mr. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, our two chartered cars were attached to the regular train. Through the courtesy of Mr. A. C. MacRae every arrangement was made for our comfort. The genial and obliging Travelling Passenger Agent, Charlie J. Gray, accompanied us as far as Chicago, and no trouble seemed too great to him if it would add to our pleasure.

When we now look back upon the trip, we begin to realize how much we owe to the unflinching kindness of the North-Western line—a line noted for the excellence of its service and the courtesy of its officials.



A North-Western Flyer



N. L. Burdick

Though there was some slight hitch in our arrangements, so that we did not arrive in Milwaukee just at the hour we were expected, this did not stand in the way of as hearty a reception as was ever given to a body of travellers. In the spacious club room of the elegant Pfister House, Mr. N. L. Burdick extended us a welcome; the Mayor, through his representative, gave us the freedom of the city and the keys of its gates; Hon. John Johnston, so well and favorably known in political, commercial and social circles, spoke on behalf of the citizens, and Hon. James A. Bryden, President of the Chamber of Commerce, represented the trade and wealth of this growing centre of industry. Our President, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Currie suitably responded.

The Typothetæ of Milwaukee cannot be too sincerely thanked for the trouble they necessarily took to make the day in the city one of unalloyed pleasure. After lunch and a visit to the beautiful Chamber of Commerce we were ushered into carriages, and then began that memorable drive up Island Avenue, down Grand Avenue and through Lake Park. Most of us had in our minds associated Milwaukee with beer. We did not know until we had this drive around its boulevards that its lumbering and meat industries were its greatest, and that there is no city in the whole Northwest which can boast

a more charming situation, and which can point to more costly and elegant homes.

A visit to Milwaukee would be incomplete without a call at the factories of the Pabst Brewing Company. What first strikes one on a visit to this establishment is not the size and number of buildings, the strength and peculiarities of the machinery, but the number of hands employed in the work and the complete system that prevails. Hundreds of boys and girls washing and filling bottles, hundreds of men making and cleaning casks, hundreds of teamsters and scores of brewers. In no single institution would it be possible to observe more clearly the advantage and necessity of the division of labor. And when one has observed hops and casks and bottles, and has looked into vats and drying rooms and furnaces, and has heard the click of the corking machines and has admired the power of the ice-machines, when he is no longer able to wonder and has no further questions to propose, he is drawn to a neat little waiting-room on the ground floor of the Ninth Street building, and, if he wishes, may partake of that which he has seen, and may drink to the health of the manufacturer. We may draw a veil over the scene just here. Those who were thirsty claimed to have been refreshed; those who did not indulge, joined with the rest in thanking Mr. Kathrens for the kind manner in which the mysteries of the process of brewing were set forth. There appeared to be unanimity on



one point—"If you are going to drink beer, then drink Pabst."

In the evening, after the theatre, a visit was made to the famous rooms of the Press Club. It is enough to say that this organization lives up to the best traditions of the profession. The spotless beauty of the walls; the elaborate and classic decorations; the historic and instructive works of art; and above all the ghastly grin of the night-warbling grimalkin, will live with us to the end of the chapter a fragrant remembrance of a happy night, or should we say a happy remembrance of a fragrant night?



CHICAGO ❁

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call
But Coach, Coach, Coach! Oh, for a coach, ye Gods!

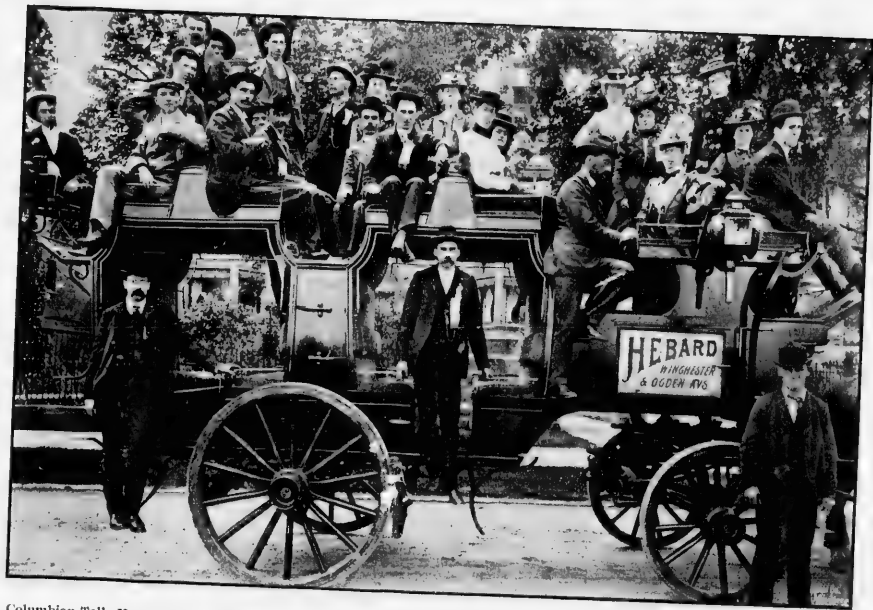
IF IT hadn't been for Mr. James L. Lee, manager of the Challenge Machinery Company, our visit to Chicago might have been rather uneventful, but, thanks to his generosity and devotion, we can look back upon the two days spent in the western metropolis as among the most pleasant and instructive of our outing. At 7.30 he met us at the train, and we were soon snugly lodged in that wonderful hostelry, the Great Northern Hotel. After breakfast we met in the parlors, when Mr. Lee extended us a royal welcome, and sketched for us the programme he had prepared, with the kind assistance of Mr. C. C. Marder, of the American Type Founders' Company, and Mr. M. W. Barnhart and J. A. Wood, of Barnhart Bros. & Spindler. As he said in his address—"We place ourselves at your service during



James L. Lee



Columbian Tally-Ho, No. 1



Columbian Tally-Ho, No. 2

your stay in our midst, and ye're all o' ye wilcom, heartily wilcom, all o' ye wilcom, ivery mon." Surely never was a programme more judiciously arranged, and never were guides more assiduous in their attentions.

A number of the gentlemen accepted the kind invitation to visit the Challenge Machinery Co's works and the type foundries, while the ladies hurried out by twos and threes to the department stores. With regard to bargains a word or two should be said, only that we have been cautioned to keep silent. It is no secret, however, that the most notorious bargain hunters were the men. Two of the western contingent, so it is cheerfully affirmed, purchased sufficient collar-buttons at a nickel a sheet to supply all subscribers with premiums. This meant an outlay of \$1.80.

At 2.30 the two tally-ho coaches came around to the doors of the hotel, and to the swelling tones of the key-bugle off we went down Michigan Avenue, and along Lake Front to the big Ferris Wheel. The jingle of the harness, the whirr of the wheels, the cheery tones of the drivers, the clatter of forty-eight hoofs on the asphalt, the merry music of eighty happy voices, and above all, the sweet tones of the guard's bugle, produced a feeling of ecstasy and delight that was new to every member of our party. On reaching the Ferris Wheel, we were, through the courtesy of Mr. Nelson, permitted to take a ride in "that wonderful and magnificent triumph of mechanical engineering." A short rest in the entertainment hall—where, it will be remembered, one of the gentlemen lost self-consciousness—and we took once more to our coaches, and

away through Lincoln Park, that delightful retreat for tired souls—one of the most beautiful and restful parks on this continent. Of course we stopped to see the wild animals; and who doesn't like to look at them? And it is marvellous how people are drawn to their own kind. Three or four of our party never got beyond the bears, (and can't bears hug?); one young fellow stood entranced before a peacock, saying: "Oh! that I could parade myself like that"; several were taken up with the monkeys and their little tricks; others centered their attentions on the goat; but all the political kickers silently stole away to take a few lessons from the common mule.

When we reached home after this most enjoyable drive, the rain was beginning to fall—the only rain-fall we experienced on our tour; and we were glad of an excuse to remain indoors to enjoy slothful ease.

Next day our party separated till the afternoon, when, under the direction of our too kind guides, we went in a body to the Arts Institute, the City Library, and the Masonic Temple. Surely the time was enjoyed to advantage. It is no wonder that on reassembling to take our cars for Detroit, that three cheers and a tiger were given for Mr. J. L. Lee, who as father-director of ceremonies, had made our stay in the city one of such extreme pleasure. Nor was the little presentation to him from our party an empty form. We can all thank him with all our hearts.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.



The Ferris Wheel

DETROIT ❁

What spell has o'er the populous city pass'd?

The wonted current of its life is stay'd.

Its sports, its gainful schemes are earthward cast,

As though their vileness were at once displayed;

The roar of trade has ceased, and on the air

Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.

SUNDAY came as a day of rest, and where could rest be assured if not in Detroit, the River City? Whether in the silence of the great churches of Woodward Avenue, the shadows of the mighty elms of Belle Isle Park or in the quiet seclusion of the Canadian homes at Windsor, everything invited repose. It was indeed a party refreshed and re-invigorated that met at midnight to take train for Buffalo. There is a rumor that a number of our party in search for spirit and life, escorted Manager Robbins to the underground vaults of the great Canadian distillery at Walkerville. What they saw and what they found no man knoweth to this day, but all agree that Mr. Robbins knew the needs of tired travellers, and that he supplied them all.

Detroit we shall remember as a quiet, a peaceful, and a beautiful city. The clean streets, the elegant homes, the charming suburbs and the countless river attractions make it an ideal home.

BUFFALO ❁

How funny you look and how funny you feel

When you take your first ride on an automobile!

AFTER we had passed the St. Clair tunnel and had rolled through the fertile grain fields of Western Ontario and the tempting fruit gardens of Niagara, we found ourselves in the early morning in the City of Buffalo. Here we were met by Messrs J. H. L. Patterson, of Miller & Richard, and E. H. White, who, with Misses Patterson and Bell, had crossed from Toronto to greet us. Their

presence with us during the three days following will ever be remembered as one of the most pleasing features of our outing. The beautiful and original souvenir programmes presented by Miller & Richard were not only admired and appreciated at the time, but will be retained as among the most precious mementos of our journey.



Pan-American Button

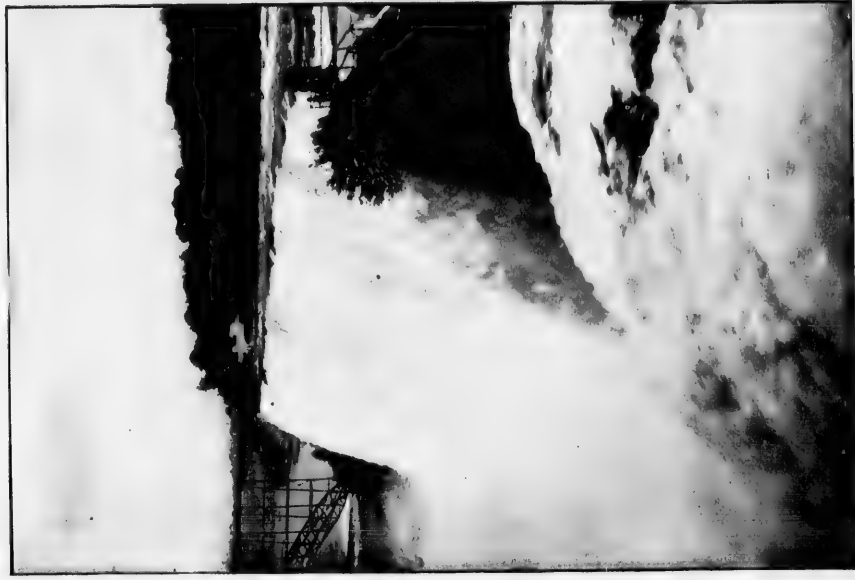
No sooner was breakfast over at the Tift House, than cars were in waiting to carry us to the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition. On arriving at the beautiful park which leads to the grounds, our ladies were invited to their first ride on automobiles, while the smoking sex strolled across the grounds



under the direction of Mr. Ellis, Director of Transportation. We visited the staff works, where the process of the manufacture of mouldings and decorations was explained and illustrated; we observed the artificial lakes and canals, and

inspected the mammoth buildings in the course of completion. Afterwards all met at the Service Building, where a most tempting luncheon was served. Our speakers, in thanking the Directors of the Exposition for the gracious entertainment provided, and in congratulating the management of the Exposition on the great undertaking they had in view for 1901, specially mentioned the names of Messrs. Bennet and Ellis, who had taken such pains to entertain and instruct our party. In responding, these gentlemen called attention to the educational and commercial benefits of the Exposition, and there is no doubt but that for people of this continent the fair will in many ways outrival in importance the great Columbian Exposition at Chicago. For most of our number, the recollection of Buffalo will be coupled with anticipation—we hope to go down again next year. It is but fair to say that one young editor has a more serene hope than this, viz., that when delinquent subscribers have all paid up, he may own an automobile of his own. He has informed us in confidence that he never felt quite safe with the lines tied to the dash-board.

But we shall never forgive Buffalo for one thing—frying-pans. Every man and woman of the party was beguiled into buying one. We wore them on our watch-chains, and in our hair; used them as hats, as fans, and as tambourines. They were always in the way, ugly to look at, and more trouble than a band-box. When we go east next year we'll take in the Exposition without the Pan.



v8

Niagara Falls

NIAGARA ❁

It would seem
As if God poured thee from His hollow hand
And hung His bow upon thine awful front.

AFTER all it was Niagara we came to see. We knew this all along, but realized it in its fulness when, after passing through Tonawanda and La Salle, we came within hearing distance of the great cataract. As if to prepare us for the sight, they took us into that great power-house on the American side, where the strength of a river is being converted into revolving wheels and moving shafts. Then down the river, and across the new steel bridge, where the grandeur of the scene first broke in upon us. And right here, he it observed that there will be no attempt to describe that mighty wonder, which appeals to all the senses at once. The best thing for the average mind to do is simply to say, "I've been there; just look at these pictures." And surely there were formed in all of our minds pictures that can never fade. Our imaginations have been quickened, our ideals enriched. Beauty, sublimity, power, motion—all these have to us a new meaning. If it be true that "we become a part of all that we have met," then surely, after the hours spent in the home of the thunder, our thoughts will take a wider range, our horizon will be extended.

Mayor Slater, of the Canadian town of Niagara, is a prince

of entertainers. He can make a good speech and tell a good story, can charm the ladies and minister to the needs of the gentlemen; in short, he is just the man to receive and take in charge a crowd of irresponsible westerners. When our ride up the Canadian side was over, and the speeches of introduction were at an end, we went where all good excursionists are sure to go, into the "Mist of the Mist." It was just at this moment that all the pent-up feelings of the youthful hearts of our party found relief, and even the most unpoetic of the older members was roused to a higher life as he quoted the only verses he ever learned—those of the old Ontario Readers. Just think of a conversation made up of such exclamations as—"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain." "Don't be afraid; just hold on tight." "Oh! look at my bangs." "The boat is quite safe, darling." "See the rainbow; isn't it a corker?" "What all the riot man can make to thy unceasing roar?" "Hold my hand, pet." "Take a snapshot, Ed." "Isn't this an elegant fit?" "Britannia's trident on the azure sea." "You mustn't look afraid, dear, I'm here." "White; get me another cigar!" "And do you think you can trust me now?" etc.

Nearly everybody that goes to Niagara wishes to have his picture taken with the Falls in the background. This is pretty hard on the Falls, but it flatters human vanity, and is worth 50c. a picture to the photographer. We had our picture taken, too, and as the obliging artist remarked, (we understand he has used the same expression on the occasion of every picture taken during the last two years), "It is the finest group I have had the honor of taking at the Falls!"



The Finest Group in Three Years

When a fellow goes to Niagara, he usually carries away some mementos. If he doesn't, it isn't the fault of the curio-sellers. These people are without doubt the most obliging individuals on the face of the earth. It is no trouble for them to show their goods, and they really don't care whether you purchase or not. They live for the good of others; there is not a single selfish thought ever enters their minds. Like the benefactor of old, who walled in the little spring and hung a ladle at the brink so that thirsty travellers might be refreshed, these curio-dealers have opened up their wares on the highway, so that pilgrims may be instructed and delighted. We confess that, coming from the sordidly-selfish west, such unselfish devotion to the needs of humanity shocked us, and contrary to all principle and fixed resolution, we carried away in our carpet-bags those keepsakes from the Falls, made in Newark, N.J., or in Germany, which yielded the seller a profit of 500 per cent, and which will stand on our what-nots until the sheriff comes to label them for our great clearing auction sale. All the same, everybody should see the curio Father Crome bought.



Brock's Monument

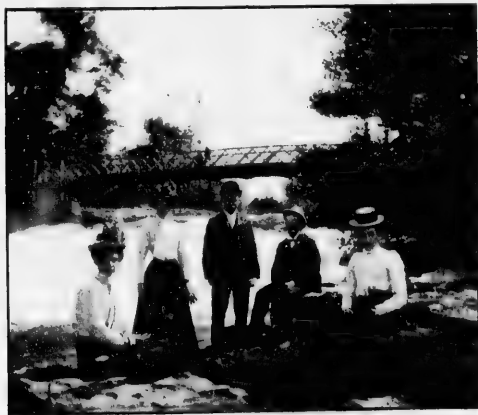
The Cataract House was all right, and the best use was made of it. Nobody suspected till that Monday evening that the gentlemen of the party possessed such grace of movement, and the ladies such indomitable vigor. Yet when morning

broke all were ready for the memorable trolley ride down the Gorge Road to the Brock Monument. Such a ride! Above us the frowning rocks, and the swaying trees a century old; beneath us that awful gorge with its voice of many waters; behind us the never-ceasing roar of continued thunder, and before us the calm quiet waters of the lake stretching away towards the east, a magnificent sea of glass. And as if Nature's hundred voices were not sufficient to call forth the energies of the soul, we found ourselves at length upon the spot where fell in 1812 the little hero band.

Queenston Heights! No wonder that the name is dear to every loyal Canadian heart. Sir Isaac Brock! No marvel that we hold in reverence the memory of so brave, so noble and so good a man.

We read that on the 13th of October a regiment of Americans—1300 strong—took advantage of the darkness of

early morning, crossed the river, worked their way up the steep hillside and took possession of the heights. Brock hurried from Fort George, and, taking in the situation, called



On Goat Island

on the brave York volunteers to charge. In that charge he was the first to fall. All morning the battle raged, the leaders on both sides falling at their posts. In the afternoon, the Canadians, by an unexpected movement, managed to come upon the enemy from behind. The result is easily imagined. Eleven hundred surrendered arms. How many

hurried down the embankment to a watery grave is not known to this day.

But a trip down the Gorge Road to Queenston is not the greatest attraction at Niagara. The man that constructed the series of bridges leading to Goat Island and the Three Sisters deserves a medal. Perhaps no hours of our outing will be more completely filled with pleasant memories than the morning spent on the islands in the river. But the kodaks must tell the tale.

The end came all too soon. We strolled for a last time along the banks and tried to catch the message of the roaring floods. We gazed for the last time on that mighty fall, which is ever the same, yet ever new.



The Kodaks Tell the Tale

Then came the call of Sam, "Heah, you men, get yo' baggage ready for the Lewiston boat." So there was hurrying to and fro, and with the thought of customs officers to be faced, there was overhauling and secreting, and a depositing



What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

of articles of little value in coat-tail pockets. We can even yet picture that attenuated member of our party who so suddenly developed a marvellous corporosity, and we know now that the Canadian customs was responsible for the transformation.

"What's the matter with Pirie?" "He's all right."
"Of course he's all right." "And what's the matter with Johnston?" "Why, he's all right, too." And there they

were as large as life, on the Canadian side, waiting to give us the right hand of fellowship. And no man could better represent the Press of Ontario than Mr. Pirie of Dundas, and no one could do more to show the kindly feelings of the type founders than Mr. Johnston, of Toronto.

When the boat reached the dock at Lewiston, and it was perceived that the President and officers of the Canada Press Association, and the Mayor of Toronto and six of the aldermen of the Queen City were on board, there was a cheer, with the customary cow-boy climax, that would do honor to the natives of the plains. And when it was further evident that the good ladies of Toronto were present to give us a welcome, was it any wonder our enthusiasm knew no bounds? Nor was it till we sat at those bountifully laden tables in the vessel's hold and told each other we were brothers, that we regained in a measure our wonted equanimity. These Canadian pressmen are great hosts. They eat well, drink well, speak well, and sing well; and they were at their best on the trip across the lake.

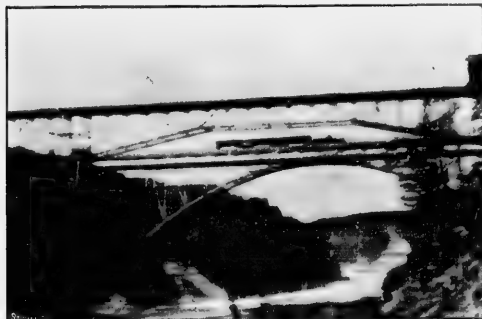
As we think of that hour of bright and witty speech,



The Heavenly Twins of 1900

we can see again Mayor Macdonald and Alderman Leslie, chairman of the Reception Committee, and the other six good aldermen, all in a row ; we can hear again the eloquence of President Willison, and Cooper and Pirie ; and can laugh as we remember the gay joyousness of Clark and Hocken and Law. Surely the time was all too short, but the twinkling lights of a great city beckoned us to come, and with feet on the table and hats in our hands we joined in the parting song, and rushed aloft to find the ladies.

" And merrier men
Within the limits of becoming mirth
We never spent an hour's talk withal."



Bridge at Niagara

TORONTO ❁

A city fair to see.

WHEN we reached the Rossin House, after the trip to Munroe Park, we were ready for rest. And rest we required, for next day was full to overflowing. Early morning saw us in tally-ho coaches at the City Hall, where, after presentation to His Worship Mayor Macdonald, and an inspection of the new City Hall, we took a long drive, and, be it remembered, a hot drive, up Jarvis Street, through Rosedale and Queen's Park, and back to our starting point. Connected with this drive there are two names that will not soon be forgotten—Granite Club and O'Keefe. Nor are we likely to forget that five minutes on the stone-steps of the City Hall, when, for the sake of posterity and a photograph, we blistered in the noon-day sun.

The Western Canada Press Association was never more true to itself than on the occasion



J. T. Johnston

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In Front of the City Hall

of the visit to the offices of the Telegram. It is doubtful if any member of the party had ever seen anything equal to the magnificence here observed. Yet each editor, true to that instinct which impels him to consistently lie about the circulation of his paper, stood erect and motionless, and betrayed no symptom of surprise or delight;



The Yacht-Club Wharf

rather did the quiet smile about his lips say more plainly than in words, "This is nothing new; my own little press runs off my 15,000 in two hours, and with my growing constituency I am forced to purchase something better before long. I am glad to have seen this to-day. Just in my line." All the same, there were in some minds present visions of patent

insides, an eight-by-ten press-room and a hand-press with the name "Washington" emblazoned on it.

There is a man by the name of Johnston. How much the Western Canada Press Association owes him, no words can ever express. There will live in our minds, however, the memory of a most pleasant afternoon at the Yacht Club of Toronto, where the brotherhood—east and west—assembled, and, to the strains of music, passed away the hours in rhythmic motion and in sweetest converse.

There are rumors of an entertainment at the Island in the evening, of a call at the Club rooms in the night, of a visit to the police station about daybreak, and of breakfast at Webb's in the early morning, when every man took Apollinaris water and pickles; but these are, of course, only idle rumors. Certain it is, however, that the Torontonians took advantage of every opportunity to make us feel at home, and to show us the wonders of their great and beautiful city.

On Thursday morning we were glad to welcome back to our party the *Progressive* editor from Qu'Appelle, and particularly as he brought with him such a charming addition to our party in the person of his winsome bride.

Then the stores again—the bargain counters and the special sales; and after that the rustle and the bustle and the hurry for the boat. Then three times three for the Canada Press Club and the type-founders of Toronto, for

You can't beat Tor-on-to!
You can't beat Tor-on-to!
For a first-class demonstration,
Jubilant or ovation,
You can't beat Tor-on-to.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ❧

There are miles and miles of waters,
That throb like a woman's breast,
With a glad harmonious motion
Like happiness caught at rest,
As if a heart beat under
In love with its own glad rest;
Beating and beating forever,
Outward to east and west.

THERE is perpetual beauty in the Great Lakes. This beauty is enhanced when one is reclining on the decks of the finest and best-officered steamer in American fresh



Gazing into the Liquid Depths

waters, when he has the gayest and most genial companions, and when nature is in her very kindest mood. There were some in our party who could have wished that the afternoon and evening of July 7 had no end. All afternoon the steady



Listening to the Gramophone

tramp of feet on the upper deck told how promenading couples were enjoying the beauties which the sky and sea presented. As evening drew her mantle o'er the scene, all motion seemed to cease, and strolling couples stopped to gaze into the liquid depths, or seated in a cosy corner held communion with each

other—and counted stars. Suddenly the tones of a deep-laboring gramophone burst upon the ear. And what a succession of surprises! Cake-walks, sacred solos, hornpipes, minuets, comic songs and speeches, two-steps—everything



The Glee Club

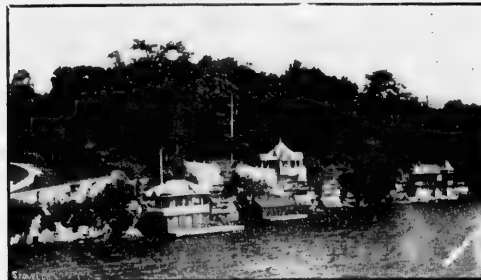
and anything, until nature rebelled, and in despair called upon our own good Glee Club to sing those old, old songs which brought tears to our eyes because we were compelled to listen to them. Oh Muses, if you only knew your power! Surely it was of you the poet wrote when he talked of "lingering sweetness long drawn out." But we must not forget the concert in the cabin, when the sweet strains of *Cavalliera Rusticana* soothed us to rest, and the strong martial airs of the two noble Ancient, Free and Accepted awakened all the patriotic ardor of our souls.

And was it not just about this time that we drew up at the wharf of the little town of Charlotte?

How often, oh, how often in the blissful bye-and-bye
Shall we think of a little bake-shop, with its cookies, buns and pie?

Then we shall not forget that midnight concert with its speech and song and recitation, when tongue and foot vied with each other in the wild dance of joy.

But oh, what a difference in the morning! Five o'clock is an unreasonable hour to arise from slumber, even when



Lake of 1000 Islands

there is something to be gained by it; it is an unearthly hour when the only reward is disappointment. It was exasperating, then, to find that just as we had adjusted our goggles and brought forth our note-books, a dull, grey, heavy fog closed

around us and shut out the beauties of the Thousand Islands. Yet there was a satisfaction in knowing that the boat was practically at a standstill, so that when the sun pierced through the mists we were yet above Alexandria Bay, and passing by those little island homes too beautiful to be described. It was an earthly paradise. Dark brown rocks relieved by densest foliage; sloping lawns with cattle grazing to their knees; the music of the water lapping on the crags; the breath of flowers, and the cooling breeze from that clear stream which flows in majestic fulness to the sea—all this gave us a sense of pleasure too keen for words.

As if to offset the exuberance of spirit, there came the depressing information that the Montreal boat had met with an accident, and that a train would convey us from Prescott to Montreal. We shall long remember that mid-day meal. There may be differences of opinion as to its excellence, but there is a unanimous conviction that the genial caterer deserves a medal for his undaunted courage in undertaking on the spur of the moment to satisfy the needs of such a famished crowd.

From Prescott to Montreal is just 80 miles. It seemed to us to be about 800. But we forgot all that. A cheery smile, a pleasant word, a friendly hand-clasp from the genial Gordonsmith; a clatter as if crossing endless bridges; a sound of tongues unknown to most of us; the ringing of bells and waving of flags, and we find ourselves in Montreal.

Recalling again the incidents of the journey down the lake, we remember that it was at Brockville we were joined by Mr.

Graham, of the Brockville Recorder, and his estimable partner, and by Mr. R. L. Richardson, M.P., who remained with us until we reached Ottawa.





City of Quebec

QUEBEC ❁

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

WE READ of it in our boyhood, we dreamed of it in our youth, and now, after weary waiting, we have seen it—the gateway city, the fortress city, the quaint and curious city, the historic city of Quebec. Yes, and we reached it in good style, too, for, thanks to the Minister of Railways and Canals, we were looked after by the Inter-colonial Railway, and nothing could be better than that. When it is added that the popular and ever thoughtful Assistant General Passenger Agent of the road, Mr. H. A. Price, accompanied us from Montreal, is it any wonder that we arrived at the palatial Chateau de Fontenac in good spirits?



H. A. Price

No sooner was breakfast over

than we boarded the cars for a trip around the city. First we flew through the narrow streets of Lower Town, where new and old are striving for the mastery; then up winding roads, past red-roofed dwelling-houses and gray stone churches centuries old; on into Upper Town with its beautiful residences and



His Honor Lieut.-Governor Jetté



His Honor Speaker Tessier

bright green lawns; and finally we came to a halt in front of the Legislative Buildings, where His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Jetté, Hon. Mr. Tessier and Madame Tessier were waiting to receive us. Their kind and gracious words of welcome, and their open and abundant hospitality we shall ever remember.

From the Legislative Buildings to the Plains of Abraham! Surely it is impossible to give expression to the feelings that

course through one's mind as he walks over this historic ground, every foot of which seems sacred, or as he gazes at those noble monuments which recall the names and deeds of



Wolfe's Monument

great and gallant generals of bye-gone days! Behind us lies the city, with its university and its famous nunneries and hospitals and churches; before and beneath us rolls the mighty river which, even at this distance from its mouth, responds to the tidal motion of the Atlantic; to the left rises

the citadel with its threatening walls, its turrets and its bastions; and away to the right is the little cove where Wolfe led his army up to victory on that night in September, 1759. Our worthy guides, Mr. Ls. J. Demers, President of the Associated Press of the Province of Quebec, and his khaki-clad lieutenant, Master Demers, led the way; and it



De Maissonneuve Monument

was not one or two, but scores of questions that they answered during that long walk across the plain. When at last we had circled the citadel and had entered that beautiful

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around the De Maisonneuve Monument

terrace leading back to the Chateau. a more enthusiastic or a more hungry lot of tourists could not be found.

In the afternoon we went out on the river. As we now picture that experience we can see the beautiful Isle of



Master Demers

Orleans, the magnificent Montmorency Falls, the preparations for the new bridge, the immense ocean-freighter whereon we were entertained, and we can hear again the tinkling of glasses and the sweet music of the talented Major Le Vasseur, than whom none could have been more attentive or more kind.

But if morning and afternoon were full, there was something in reserve for the evening. From 8 to 10 o'clock we joined with the 8,000 or 10,000 good citizens of Quebec who

had ascended the terrace to promenade to the exquisite music of the band. It was a spectacle not soon to be forgotten. And there was still time left to do a little shopping in the oddest little stores in Canada, or to visit the Basilica with its ancient pictures and its architectural beauty. It was, indeed, a busy day. No wonder, then, that in the morning it was with difficulty the scattered forces were collected at Levis, where good-byes were said to those who had so kindly entertained us. Two names will ever stand out prominently in connection with this visit—the names of Messrs. Demers and Le Vasseur, for from the moment of our coming to the time of our departure they had sought nothing but our pleasure.

On again we felt ourselves indebted to the Intercolonial Railway for the special attention meted out to us on the way to Montreal, which city we reached in time for dinner and for evening service.



Trying to Dinner

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Montreal Harbor

MONTREAL ❁

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han' in han',
Knowin' each oder, we lak each oder, de French an' de Englishman,
For it's curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it agen an' agen,
Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de bes' bes' frien'.

WHEN, in 1535, Jacques Cartier landed at the little Indian village of Hochelaga, he was able to give to the old French world an account of his reception in the single word "hospitalité." If the W. C. P. A. were asked to set forth in a word the treatment received in 1900, the same term might be employed. Montreal is a royal city, and our entertainment was of the most royal kind. From the moment of our arrival till the moment of departure we were treated with magnificent courtesy and kingly generosity.

Early on Monday morning we met at the City Hall, where His Worship Mayor Prefontaine, M.P., in a few well-chosen words, extended to us the greetings of the city, and invited us to a carriage drive up the mountain. That drive, and the banquet which followed, were just what might have been expected of a city which so liberally carries out whatever it undertakes. The tables, groaning under the weight of provisions and bright with flowers grown in the city gardens, were beautiful beyond description. The speeches abounded with that feeling, wit and brightness that are so characteristic of the Lower Canadians. No wonder that the toasts were

honored in true western style; no wonder that the Calgary war-whoop was in special demand. And from where we sat what a glorious panorama! The broad river stretching miles away; the beautiful St. Helen's Island close at hand, bright and fresh and green like a bed of moss; the red roofs of the stately homes of Westmount showing through the trees; and further down the steeples and the countless chimneys reaching through the smoke of trains and boats and busy factories. And down that road from the summit to the base each turn revealed new beauties, and gave fresh indications of the wealth and prosperity of Ville Marie.

What a wonderful city is this commercial metropolis of the Dominion. In beauty it stands foremost among the cities of the continent. The river is so strong and wide that the waters are always pure; on the sloping sides of Mount Royal, which is dotted with thousands of beautiful and costly homes, the air is always fresh; the flats are so extensive that business is easily carried on; nature has made it possible for human skill to produce a harbor into which may sail the largest of the ocean liners. It is a great city—great in the beauty of its environments, great because of its many generous and noble-hearted citizens, great in its wealth and commercial enterprise. What more magnificent in architecture than Notre Dame and the Church of St. James, what more renowned than the great McGill University, what more suggestive of wealth and prosperity than the great harbor with its hundreds of heavily-laden vessels?

A visit to this harbor immediately following lunch was the occasion for the manifestation of new kindness on the part of our

entertainers. Those who inspected the noble s.s. Parisian have reason to long remember the kindness of the officers in command.

But all the beauty and grandeur of Montreal would have been lost if we had not been in such pleasant company. In addition to His Honor the Mayor and the members of the City Council we must remember with gratitude the names of the officers of the Press Club and reception committee, who for the time being gave themselves up to our entertainment. The capable and energetic Gordonsmith, the genial Stewart, the mild and fatherly Harper, the jovial Jack Martin, the

gallant Porteous, the cultured Roland—these, and a score more, we shall hold in fond recollection. To one of this committee, Mr. Stewart, are we specially indebted for the very complete arrangements for our entertainment in Montreal. Nor will the ladies forget that handsome little souvenir presented on the eve of their departure—a thing of beauty which shall be a joy for ever. Our fondest hope is that if ever the Press Association of Quebec shall visit the west, we may prove to be half as kind and generous, and possessed of the same grace of hospitality.



James Harper

Chas. Gordonsmith

Geo. M. Stewart

OTTAWA ❁

City about whose brow the north winds blow,
Girdled with woods and shad with river foam,
Called by a name as old as Troy or Rome,
Be great as they, but pure as thine own snow;
Rather flash up amid the northern glow,
The Lania city of the northern star,
Than be so hard with craft or wild with war,
Peopled with deeds remembered for their woe.

AT the Place Viger, in the early morning hours, we boarded the cars chartered from the C. P. R. to carry us home. And right here it is but just to bear testimony to the excellent service of the greatest of the trans-continental lines. Every member of the party will acknowledge that the management of the road is unexcelled, and that in ability to take charge of a party of excursionists it is unsurpassed. The courtesy and kindness of officials, from the highest to the lowest, makes travelling a pleasure and a luxury.



Dr. Rutherford, M.P.

At Ottawa, the first faces to greet us were those of A. W. Puttee, M.P.; Dr. Rutherford, M.P.; and T. O. Davis, M.P. Yes, and they

had arranged a good programme for us, too. After lunch, His Worship Mayor Payment, on behalf of the City, extended a welcome, and our Mr. Scott suitably responded, after which we enjoyed that restful and exhilarating ride around the city and out to the suburbs. Then we put on our sweetest smile, or assumed our most imposing attitude, for were we not to be honored with an introduction to the first Canadian—Sir Wilfred Laurier? Afterwards our party might be found walking the halls of those beautiful buildings which are a credit to the Canadian people, or standing on the embankment overlooking the river and gazing upon the black desolation caused by that awful fire of last spring.



Sir Wilfred Laurier

Everyone that goes to the Capital has a desire to visit the House in session. In the evening, most of our members could be seen in the galleries looking down upon the wise faces, or rather bald heads, of our law-makers. We can never forget that evening. We believe it was purposely arranged for us. They tell us there was up for discussion a matter pertaining to the west, though we have been unable to ascertain just what it was. They don't do business there in the ordinary fashion, and so we missed the connection on several occasions. Ordinarily in striving to settle a point, people endeavor to get

facts, and then base conclusions on these facts, but the members of the House of Commons don't proceed in such a simple way. First, they begin with conclusions, and work by mutual recriminations back to disagreement. It is a great plan, and gives rise to bitterest quarrels and to endless misunderstandings. But this is, of course, the end of party government. We are all thankful that there was such a thoroughly legitimate display of parliamentary dignity on the evening of our visit. We had seen the Chicago Stock Exchange, we had been at a Wild-West Show, but we had never before seen the House of Commons in all its glory. As denizens of the wild and woolly west, we shall remember with lasting gratitude the lessons we received in taste, in politeness, in courtesy; and as individuals we shall henceforth endeavor to mould our speech, our tempers and our thoughts after those of the great men who stand at the helm of state.

When at mid-day on Wednesday we reached our cars, we had just time to say farewell to Pirie, the dauntless, and W. J. White, the irrepressible. The locket presented to Mr. White was indeed a deserved recognition of faithful attention. It may have been that his attentions were at times somewhat feminine, but we had abundant evidence that his sympathies were wide enough to "embrace" all. And as for the gallant Alex. Pirie, it need only be said that if ever the Eastern Press Association should come our way he must head the procession. As was so aptly stated by one of our ladies, "His radiant smile keeps all hearts warm."

HOMeward BOUND

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like home.

WHAT a sigh of relief when it was all over! And how delightful to be able for a few hours to cultivate the society of those with whom we had enjoyed so much and suffered so little. The two days from Ottawa to Winnipeg seemed long at the beginning, but they seemed too short at the close. During those days were settled all the national and provincial problems of the incoming century — prohibition, free trade, woman suffrage, municipal ownership, and the like. It is said that the discussion waxed so warm at times that the supply of axle grease was unequal to the demand. But between the discussions there was time for a meeting on board the train, and, after the resolutions had been adopted, the members of the Committee of Management were dealt with one by one, and told in unvarnished Saxon what they deserved.

First of all, to Father Crome, who had borne the burden of the work, who had arranged the itinerary and superintended the transportation, who had conducted all the correspondence and arranged all details, who was in addition the chaperone, the pooh-bah, the generalissimo, and the caterer plenipotentiary of the party,—to him was given an easy chair in which to sit and work it out all over again, for



Walter Scott

it is an impossibility that he or any one else should eclipse his performance of 1900.

Then to Walter Scott, of the Regina Leader, the quiet, unobtrusive, but ever useful member of the party who had rendered such invaluable assistance in arranging preliminaries of the journey, was given a travelling case, which will accompany him on his many future visits to the east.

To D. L. McIntyre, the chief's assistant, who, from the stateroom of the rear car, superintended the personal needs of the weary excursionists, and who took such a prominent part in arranging the itinerary, was given a gold locket with which he might adorn his new \$1.50 fancy vest.

To President Wilson, who by his gracious words and winning manner made us appear in the eyes of the east infinitely more talented and cultured than we really are, and who bore his honors without flinching, was given a

gold-headed cane to help him to support the dignity of his office.

But all things have an end. So after passing Carleton Junction, where the members of the Press thoughtfully remembered us with flowers, after rumbling through Mattawa, where we were rejoined by the laughing Mormon member, after rounding the rocky cliffs of the Great Superior and refreshing ourselves with the hospitality of the friends at Fort William, after a long night, during which some of our party fell by the wayside, that is, at Rat Portage, where the editors of Minnesota were holding mid-night carnival, we found ourselves at last rolling across Louise Bridge and into the station—
AT HOME.

And we can't beat Ivanhoe,
We can't beat Ivanhoe,
We may travel east or west,
But our own home's always best,
And we can't beat Ivanhoe.



D. L. McIntyre

RFSOLUTIONS

That our thanks be tendered to the Minnesota Press Association, the Commercial Club of St. Paul, and the Board of Trade of Minneapolis, for the courtesies extended to us during our visit to the Twin Cities, and that special mention be made of the personal attentions of Messrs. Hall, Forbes, Collins, Rankin, Stine, Meyst, Mitchel and Potter.

That we extend our sincere thanks to the Mayor and Council of the City of Milwaukee, the Milwaukee Typothetic, the Press Club and the Pabst Brewing Company, for their kind hospitality to us during our visit to their beautiful city, and that the personal kindness of Mr. N. L. Burdock be especially recognized.

That our thanks be conveyed to the representatives of the American Type Foundry and Barnhart Bros. & Spindler, of Chicago, and particularly to Mr. J. L. Lee, manager of the Challenge Machinery Company, through whose generous and open-hearted hospitality our visit to that city was made one of pleasure and profit to each member of our party.

That the officers of the Pan-American Exposition of 1901 be thanked for courtesies extended to us during our stay in Buffalo, and that we express our sympathy with an enterprise which will display in a fitting manner the resources of the nations of this continent, and which will have the effect of binding still more closely together the peoples of the New World.

That we convey our thanks to Mr. Robbins, of Walkerville, Ont., for his kindness in arranging a visit to the great distillery of Hiram Walker & Sons, and for thoughtful remembrance of the needs of our party.

That the Mayor and Council of Niagara Falls, Ont., be thanked for the manner in which they received us. We shall retain a memory not

only of the beauty and grandeur of earth's most mighty cataract, but of the kindness and attention displayed by those who put themselves at such personal inconvenience to receive and welcome us.

That we express our heartfelt appreciation of the kindness of the Canadian Press Association, the Mayor and Council of the City of Toronto, and the local press of that city. Our trip from Niagara to the Queen City, and our visit to its prominent buildings and its points of beauty will ever be remembered with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction. We feel that we are particularly indebted to His Worship Mayor Macdonald and Alderman Leslie, Messrs. Willison, Cooper, Pirie, Law and Clarke, of the Canadian Press Association, and to the management of the Toronto Telegram.

That we tender our sincere thanks to Mr. J. T. Johnston, manager of the Toronto Type Foundry Company, for kind and generous entertainment in Toronto, and that we express our gratitude to Messrs. E. H. White and J. H. L. Patterson for all they did towards making our visit to Buffalo, Niagara and Toronto so pleasant and profitable, and to Messrs. Miller & Richard, of Toronto, for the handsome souvenir of the visit to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

That we extend our special thanks to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and to the Honorable Mr. Tessier, speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, and Madame Tessier, and particularly to Mr. Ls. J. Demers, president of the Associated Press of the Province of Quebec, and Major Le Vasseur, for their extreme hospitality during our stay in the ancient capital. Our excursion around the city and over the historic plains of Abraham, and our delightful sail down the river to the beautiful Montmorency Falls and the ocean steamer Rathlin Head will remain in memory as among the happiest hours of our outing.

That we express our warmest appreciation of the kindness and hospitality of the great City of Montreal. The reception by His Worship Mayor Prefontaine and the Council, the drive up the mountain, the happy hour on the summit, and the visit to the harbor works and the Allan liner Parisian, contributed to give us a day that can never be

forgotten. Words would fail to express the generous and whole-hearted attention of the Press Association of Quebec, and the individual efforts of President Gordonsmith and his committee can never be forgotten.

That we thank Mayor Payment, of the City of Ottawa; J. G. Rutherford, M.P.; A. W. Puttee, M.P.; T. O. Davis, M.P.; and Mr. Kieffer, of the Ottawa Citizen, for their kind attention during our visit to the capital.

That we tender hearty thanks to the Department of the Interior, and especially to Mr. J. A. Smart, deputy minister, and Mr. Frank Pedley, superintendent of immigration, for aid rendered in various ways towards the signal success of the excursion, and further that we beg to acknowledge the kindness of the Department in permitting Mr. W. J. White to accompany our party. His presence added greatly to the interest and enjoyment of the trip.

That we tender to Mr. T. W. Teasdale, general passenger agent of the North-Western line, our sincere thanks for transporting our party from St. Paul to Milwaukee and thence to Chicago, and that we fully appreciate the kindness and courtesy extended to us by the officials of this popular line, with special reference to Mr. Chas. J. Gray, travelling passenger agent, who escorted us over our entire trip on the North-Western route. It gives our Association pleasure to testify to the efficient operation and management of this line and to the concessions and kindnesses extended to us.

That we tender to the Great Northern railway, and to Mr. F. I. Whitney, its general passenger agent, our cordial thanks for aiding us in a very generous manner in transporting a large number of our excursionists from Neche to St. Paul, and that we place on record our appreciation of the many kindnesses extended to us by the officials of this line, especially remembering along with Mr. Whitney himself, Mr. Smith, the general agent at Winnipeg.

That we extend to the management of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada and to the Minister of Railways and Canals a hearty vote of

thanks for carrying our party from Montreal to Quebec and return, thus adding very materially to the pleasure of our trip, and we desire to acknowledge the kindnesses extended to us by all the officials of this railway, and especially by Mr. H. A. Price, the superintendent at Montreal, who escorted us to Quebec, and did everything in his power to make our visit a pleasant one.

That we tender to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the Grand Trunk Railway Company and the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, our heartfelt thanks for many favors and courtesies extended to us in connection with our excursion, and we desire to acknowledge the uniform kindness of the various officials of these lines with whom we came in contact.

That we tender to Mr. C. E. McPherson, general passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg, our cordial thanks for many favors granted us in arranging our excursion, and especially for assistance in bringing the Western members of our party to Winnipeg and Gretna and returning them to their homes.

That our hearty thanks be extended to the Hudson's Bay Company and its popular commissioner, Mr. C. C. Chipman, for many acts of kindness extended to us on our trip. The thoughtful remembrances of our comfort by the H. B. Co., as so kindly arranged by Mr. E. B. Nixon, at various points, added in no small measure to the pleasure of our excursion, and have been thoroughly appreciated.

That our warmest thanks be extended to Mr. B. S. Jenkins, superintendent of C. P. R. Telegraphs; H. P. Dwight, president and general manager of the G. N. W. Telegraph Co., and Col. R. C. Clowry, vice-president and general superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Co., for the free use of their lines for personal and social messages during the time of our excursion. The favor was much appreciated by all the members of our party, and greatly facilitated the arrangements preliminary to the excursion.

That we extend our heartiest thanks to the management of the Toronto Type Foundry Company, at Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, for special favors granted to us in many ways, and especially for assistance in aiding us in ensuring the financial success of the excursion, and we desire to place ourselves on record as fully appreciating these favors.

That we extend our thanks to the Calgary Brewing Co., of Calgary; Mr. Gordon, of Buchanan & Gordon, and Mr. J. A. Darby, of Winnipeg, and Mr. Samuel Foote, of Imperial Court of Chicago, for their kindly remembrances of the party. Their thoughtfulness did much to add to the comfort and pleasure of our excursionists.

That we place on record our appreciation of the untiring labors of the Excursion Committee, consisting of Messrs. Crome, Young, Clay,

Ridington and McIntyre. We feel that it is owing to their foresight, their attention to detail, and their unfailing good-nature that we must attribute in a very large measure the success of the excursion.

That we, members of the Western Canada Press Association, to the number of seventy-five, on our return from a trip through the United States and Eastern Canada, desire to express our loyal devotion to Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and to congratulate her on the success that has crowned the efforts of her army in South Africa, and on the probable speedy termination of the war. We rejoice that Western Canada has been able to furnish a number of those who have been conspicuous for their bravery, and trust that one of the first benefits of the war will be a tightening of the cords that bind us to the Motherland, with whom we so sincerely join in the prayer, "God Save the Queen."







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